

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

PRINTED BY DAVID HOGAN, NO. 51, SOUTH THIRD-STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE UNITED STATES' BANK.
Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

Saturday, May 1, 1802.

OLD NICK:
A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

VOL. II.—CHAP. VIII.

*The small pox.—Mr. Buckle's cruelty.—Dionysius's ear-
—Identity.—The honourable Mr. Buckle.—Barclay's
visit to him.—The difference between Frenchmen and
Englishmen in company.—How to please every body.
Gregory and the Abbe.*

FROM the Parson's account, it appeared that Mrs. Buckle was distantly related to him by his wife's side, and had married the Hon. Mr. Buckle. The instant this name was mentioned, Barclay recollected that he had received a letter from Keppel for this gentleman, which he had never delivered.

Mr. Buckle was a man of the most unbounded gallantry, to call every debauchery of this nature by a fashionable term, tho' it deserves a much worse.

"I fear," said the parson, "that he is a bad man;"—and whenever the Parson affirmed so much, it was equal to saying that he knew it. That he was acquainted with many particulars relating to Mr. Buckle's character, which, through charity or some other cause, he wished to suppress, was clear to Barclay, from his manner of recounting the different facts.

He married Mrs. Buckle for love, and in return, was doatingly fond of him; but they had not been together above a year, when she was seized with the small pox, which considerably impaired her beauty. This circumstance so alienated her

husband's affection, that, from that time, he not only neglected her, but used her shamefully ill.

As a village is like that subterraneous cave, called the Ear of Dionysius, nothing passing in or near it, but it is instantly known; the cruelty of Mr. Buckle was presently the talk of the whole place.

Mrs. Buckle bore her husband's ill-humour and unkindness with all the gentleness of suffering innocence, trusting to its own virtue for relief; until he at last brought another woman into the house, whom he invested with all her privileges.

She now flew with her child towards the parson, who readily succoured and protected her. Seeing no hopes of a reconciliation, Mr. Buckle, by the parson's interference, agreed to settle four hundred pounds a-year upon his wife; and they parted.—Since that period, she had lived principally at the parsonage; but still retaining an affection for her husband, she was always melancholy, and would often sit and weep for hours together.

Mrs. Pawlet would sometimes, on these occasions, take the part of Mr. Buckle, and endeavour to prove that he had done right, in separating from his wife.

"Dr. Watts observes," said she, "that when a consumption has made a man lean and pale, or the small pox has altered his countenance, we are ready to say that our friend is not the same person that he was before. Now," continued she, "as that is the case with you, I don't see that you have any claim on him. Identify is the thing; atoms are daily flying off; and you have not the same blood in your veins; for in a few months it is entirely changed.—Then the only question remaining is, are you conscious that you are the same person? Locke rests it on the consciousness."—In this rhodomantade way, Mrs. Pawlet would

talk to her, until she was silenced by a petition from the parson.

The parson having terminated what he had to say respecting Mrs. Buckle, Barclay again observed, that he had a letter for her husband from Keppel, and that he wished he could be the means of reconciling them to each other.

"I would you could," said the parson; "but I see no chance of it. He is an abandoned man; he was born in this country, and ever since his early youth, has been guilty of such kinds of gallantries as nothing can excuse. Heaven grant he may reform before it is too late."

Here this worthy man was obliged to draw his handkerchief from his pocket, to dry up the big tears that rolled down his cheeks. It was evident that he was acquainted with some secret conduct of Mr. Buckle's, which interested him in his reform, but made him fear that it would never take place.

"However," said Barclay, "I will try what I can do with him: perhaps I may succeed better than an older and more serious advocate."

"The concern you take in this affair," replied the parson, "does you honour:—may your mediation restore the peace of a divided house."

Mrs. Pawlet was now for some days entirely occupied in reading and arranging Mr. Addlehead's remarks on the prophets: the Polyglott was therefore at a momentary stand, which afforded our hero an unusual degree of leisure time.

Next morning Barclay set off to present his recommendatory letter to the Hon. Mr. Buckle. Previous to his departure, Barclay received the welcome intelligence from Penelope's lips, that his kind undertaking, if possible, increased her love and affection for him. Under this delightful

impression, then, which would have strung his nerves for daring of greatest peril, he proceeded to attempt, should occasion suit, the piece of friendly service.

Reaching Mr. Buckle's villa, which was situated within half a mile of the parsonage, Barclay was struck with the taste and voluptuous elegance of the building, and every thing about it. A travelling chaise and four horses were standing in the sweep before the house as he approached. Desiring to know whether Mr. Buckle was at home, one of two or three servants who were standing in the hall, replied, that he was uncertain, but that if he would be pleased to walk into the parlour, he would inquire; at the same time requesting to know his name.

Barclay was not left long before he was informed by the same servant, that his master was within, but being engaged, entreated he would have the goodness to wait a few minutes. Barclay was detained here full ten minutes, which he passed in admiring the furniture and ornaments of the room; every thing in which seemed calculated to inspire and gratify the most unbounded luxury.

At length notice was given that he might ascend, Mr. Buckle being disengaged. On entering the room, Barclay perceived Mr. Buckle in a robe de chambre, sitting on a sofa, and by his side on a chair, Monsieur l'Abbe; whose complying manners seemed to confer on him the ubiquitary quality that he was here, there, and every where;—at least, so our hero had constantly found him.

They both rose at his entrance, Mr. Buckle receiving him with great ease and politeness. Barclay presented his letter. It was now very apparent, that from the moment he had sent his name up, the conversation had entirely related to him, and that the Abbe had rendered all other information unnecessary; for just casting his eye on the letter, Mr. Buckle threw it on the sofa, and with both hands came up to Barclay, and pressing his with great warmth, assured him that he was extremely glad to see him.

They had not been re-seated many minutes, before they conversed together with all the intimacy of old acquaintances. This was principally owing to Mr. Buckle, who, having travelled much in France and Italy, had got rid of that stiff formality and uninviting behaviour, which characterise Englishmen among strangers. A Frenchman is as free in a company he never saw before, as if he had seen them every day of his life; but an Englishman, on the contrary, will run into a corner, twist his thumbs,

and if you can get *yes* and *no* from him, without stuttering, after he has been there for twelve hours, you may think yourself very well off. I believe that the perpetual gaiety of our neighbours arises from the freedom with which they discourse with one another, and from their running wherever they see a crowd, and pulling out a snuff-box; beginning, without any farther ceremony, to chat with every one present about what's passing: by this means they soon forget any little calamity that may afflict them; but if an Englishman labour under any, he will speak to nobody, but, hastening into solitude, mope, and drive himself into such a state of melancholy as nothing but hanging can cure.

Mr. Buckle was elegant in his person:—his countenance, though pale, was interesting, and his spirits so good, that notwithstanding he was above forty, he had not the appearance of a man more than thirty years of age.

He seemed greatly taken with Barclay; but, looking at his watch, exclaimed, "Ah, it's later than I expected! I am sorry, Mr. Temple, to leave you thus abruptly; but I have a trifling affair which presses: however, I shall expect the pleasure of your company, at five to dinner."

Barclay was going to reply.

"No excuse! I will take no excuse!" he cried, "Monsieur l'Abbe is going with me. If you don't know how to dispose of yourself till dinner-time, Madame is here, and will have great pleasure in shewing you the grounds and garden till we return."

"You are very good," replied Barclay, "and I accept your invitation to dinner;—but I have another place to call at this morning, which prevents my availing myself of your other politeness."

"As you please," said Mr. Buckle;—"my system is to please every body; and the only way to do that, is to let them do as they please. Adieu! I must positively leave you for the present."

Barclay returned to the village. From the character he had before heard of Mr. Buckle, he despised him; and so apt are we to depict in our imagination any thing we dislike in hideous colours, that he had expected to meet some monster, and not the polished and agreeable man he had been conversing with.

Barclay was almost angry with himself for having suffered himself to be pleased;—but Mr. Buckle's elegant address had such an effect upon him, that, in spite of conviction, he could think of nothing to his disadvantage while he was in his company. "Baleful fascination!" exclaimed Barclay, "to have the power to please, with the inclination

to injure and deceive." Not being in high spirits, he resolved to call on Gregory, and to pass the interval till dinner with him, in talking of past circumstances; which, though gloomy, were still dear to his memory.

Gregory's countenance lighted up with pleasure as he saw Barclay enter the shop; and he presently seated him on the best chair.

"Go on with your work," said Barclay, "and don't mind me: I desire you will, or I shall leave you."

Gregory was employed in making a wig. "Well, Sir, if you insist on it I must," replied Gregory, continuing his work. "Do you know, Sir, that I am making this wig for Mr. Pawlet: he does not want one, but, bless his heart, he has merely ordered it to give me encouragement."

"He is an excellent man," said Barclay. "By-the-bye, I shall want you to go thither with a note, to let them know that I cannot dine there to-day, as I am engaged at the Hon. Mr. Buckle's."

"Yes, certainly, Sir," replied Gregory; "but pray, Sir, may I be so bold as to ask how you came to know Mr. Buckle?"

"Why do you ask?" said Barclay.

"Because," he answered, "I hear a good deal of the talk of the village, and, amongst other things, I am told that he is a bad man."

"Ay," cried Barclay, "I've heard as much."

"And," continued the other, "there is a Mounseer some'at: he lodges a few doorn off; who, they tell me, is often with him. I shaved him this morning, and tho' I don't like to be severe; yet I would not have his face for all Mr. Buckle's estate. He asked a deal about you."

"About me."

"Yes; but I did not rightly understand half he said, he spoke such queer gibberish; however, I told him nothing that I won't swear to: I told him that you were a gentleman bred and born; and though fortune might have played you a slippery trick, you had a heart that was worth all the riches in the world."

"You had better be silent about these things," said Barclay.

"So I should have been," replied Gregory, warmly, "but he seemed to think lightly of you because you served Mrs. Pawlet; and I was determined to teach him to respect you as you deserve."

"Well, well," said Barclay, "I know your meaning's good, but rather avoid talking so of me. Did he say any thing else?"

"Why, after he saw me a little angry," replied Gregory, "he began to speak more properly of you, and at last asked me what

ther I did not think you and Miss Penelope a good match?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Barclay, "and you told him—"

"Yes, to be sure," cried Gregory, "and Heaven bless you both, so you would. After this he asked me whether I thought you had any idea of it."

"Well."

"Then," said Gregory, "I saw he was pumping me, and I told him, No!—and if any body's to blame for that lie, I think he is."

"What, you thought it was a lie to say no to such a question?" inquired Barclay.

"Yes indeed, Sir," cried Gregory: "haven't you got eyes, haven't you got a heart?—how can you help loving her?"

"Indeed I cannot!" exclaimed Barclay, with a sigh; "I never told my love," continued he, "to any one: but I think the secret is safe with you, Gregory; you will not divulge it."

"I will perish first," cried Gregory, "if you desire it;—but why should you conceal it? Miss Penelope loves you, I am certain, by what she has said to me:—the parson loves you too; who then will oppose your union?"

"Keppel, Keppel!" Barclay ejaculated: "she has long been plighted to him, and he loves her also."

Gregory let the comb fall out of his hand as Barclay uttered these words, and was mute for some time. At last he recovered from his consternation, and endeavoured to soothe Barclay's mind, by supposing, what the other was too much inclined to flatter himself with, that Keppel's friendship would induce him to sacrifice all his claims for his friend's happiness.

Barclay now wrote his note, and giving it to Gregory, who again and again entreated him to keep up his spirits, set out for Mr. Buckle's, meditating, as he proceeded, on the conduct of the Abbe.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

YOUR copying into the last Repository, from the Trenton True American, the "Elegy on Princeton College; by a Prisoner," gave me, as I believe it has more of your readers, sincere pleasure. The productions of this unknown favourite of the Muses have been sought after with much avidity, and his poetry been greatly extolled by those who have perused it. The interest which his writings have excited among his readers, certainly has not been lessened by the novel

circumstance that the author of them is a prisoner, under the criminal code, confined in the state prison of New-Jersey. His name, and the cause of his imprisonment, are, I believe, unknown to the public. His crime, however, he has himself intimated to have been but a venial one. We may therefore hope that the time is not remote when he will be restored to society and freedom—that his genius will be duly encouraged, his merit properly appreciated, and the public become better acquainted with his history.

After these prefatory remarks, permit me to state my object for writing to you. The elegy, as you have copied it, concludes abruptly. From a perusal of the following lines, which are the *last* you have copied,

But stay, too daring muse, nor mount too high,
On feeble pinions through the giddy sky;
For softer notes my numbers should prolong,
And close the subject of the mournful song.

we naturally expect that the elegy is yet *unfinished*, and which we accordingly discover to be the fact;—for we find it concludes with the following lines, which you have accidentally omitted to re-publish.

FAIR EDIFICE! thy desolated wall,
Thy dreary ruins tears of sorrow call!
But may the liberal sons of JERSEY raise,
Bright as thy glory—lasting as thy praise,
Another phoenix structure, that shall stand,
The choicest blessing of the ALMIGHTY'S hand.

These lines bring the elegy to a natural conclusion, and that your readers may know how the author really terminated it, I have written you this note.

There are other effusions of the prisoner which you may perhaps deem worthy of republication, and if you do, I am persuaded they will be well received by your subscribers. Another piece of poetry in the same paper from which you extracted the elegy, signed Eugenius, appears to me to merit a re-publication in the Repository.

E.

[How the above omission took place the editor cannot now precisely say; but as the piece was cut out of the paper from whence it was copied, and the paper destroyed, the concluding lines were probably attached to the next column, and overlooked. The readers of the Repository, however, will be gratified in having this deficiency supplied thro' the attention of "E." The author of the elegy undoubtedly deserves all the praise that writer has bestowed upon him. Every benevolent mind must feel an involuntary sentiment of regret that a person possessed of genius and merit, accompanied with so much goodness of heart, as the effusions of

this unknown "favourite of the muses" discover, should be left to languish in a prison, whatever unpropitious circumstance may have brought him thither. But may we not indulge the consoling idea, that as the diamond shines with the most resplendent lustre in the thickest darkness, so "A Prisoner's" effusions will excite attention, and gain celebrity from the very obscurity in which the author is involved. The writer deserves, and no doubt will receive, *at least*, the sympathy of the public,—that sympathy which he so feelingly addresses in the following beautiful lines, copied from the last No. of the True American—]

A HINT TO THE HAPPY AND WISE.

To you, who in gaudy pavillions of ease,
Where fountains of pleasure surround,
Enjoy that Elysium of virtue and peace,
Where friendship unrival'd is found:

Whose talents, devoted to Liberty's cause,
Are justly deserving acclaim;
Whose bosoms, alive to the breath of applause,
Beat high for the temple of fame:

To you, who are tasting connubial bliss,
Nor forc'd with its objects to part;
Or share the soft, innocent, rapturous kiss,
That glues a lov'd maid to the heart:

Reflect for a moment—should Providence frown,
(For who from disaster is free?)
And slavery the cup of your miseries crown—
Then learn to compassionate me.

Profanely I hurl'd bold defiance at fate,
Secure in prosperity grown;
But ah! I discovered, alas! when too late,
My visions of happiness flown.

Let none vainly boast of the gifts they enjoy,
Nor spurn the frail sons of distress;
That God who gives blessings can also destroy—
His mercy the vilest can bless. A PRISONER.

HARRIOT—A CHARACTER.

NATURE hath made Harriot fair to admiration; she has beauty sufficient to captivate a thousand hearts, did not her excessive affectation, that antidote to beauty, render her an object rather of disgust than of love. Not content with what nature and education have done for her, she thinks to refine upon their endowments by a thousand studied arts. She will not suffer a limb nor a muscle to move with native ease and grace; every attitude is forced, every gesture affected and ridiculous. Her head is continually tossed about with the awkward motions of a puppet, her excellent features distorted into grimaces, and her body writhed and twisted into every line but the line of beauty—so that many young ladies without half her personal charms, are, for the ease and affability of their deportment, preferred before Harriot.

*Grimaldi:**A TRUE STORY.*

DURING the civil war of Genoa, an Italian, of the name of Grimaldi, fled to Pisa. Money was the only thing in the universe that could boast of his friendship and esteem. He maintained, that fortune ought to be pursued in any way and at any price, and that no means were disgraceful but such as did not succeed. He that has a great store of money, he used to say, has but few stings of conscience. We readily suppose, that a man of such maxims had formed a settled plan to become rich. Accordingly he began very early to labour at the edifice of his fortune, and even in his youth he merited the appellation of an old miser. With the talent of acquiring riches, he united the far more extraordinary art of keeping them. He lived quite alone. He had neither dog nor cat in the house; because he must have found them victuals. Neither did he keep a servant, to spare himself the necessity of paying wages. Moreover, he was in continual fear of being robbed; and theft was in his estimation a crime of blacker die than parricide. He was universally the object of hatred and contempt; but when he felt himself insulted or abused, he went straightway home, cast a look at his dear strong box, and was comforted.

The frugality of his meals, and the poverty of his dress, were no deception to the public on the true state of his circumstances, as is usually the case with misers. The cloak of artifice under which they think to conceal their affluence, frequently serves but to swell it in the eyes of other men, and their avarice is only a sign hung out to invite the thief to enter.

One evening when he had supped in company, (it may be easily imagined that it was not at home) he was returning to his home very late and alone. Some one that had watched his steps, fell upon him with the intention to murder him. Grimaldi felt himself stabbed with a poignard, but had still so much strength as to take to his heels. At the same time came on a dreadful storm. Faint with his wound, his affright, and the rain, Grimaldi threw himself into the shop of a goldsmith, which was by chance still open. This goldsmith was in full pursuit of wealth, like Grimaldi, only that he had fallen upon a way less promising than that of usury. He was in search of the philosopher's stone. This evening he was making a grand projection, and had left open his shop for moderating the heat of his furnace.

Grimaldi's entrance seemed somewhat rude. Fazio, for that was the goldsmith's name, immediately knew the man, and asked him what he did in the street at such an unseasonable hour, and in such terrible weather?—"Ah!" sighed Grimaldi, "I am wounded!" as he pronounced these words, he sunk into a chair and expired!

Fazio's confusion needs not to be described. He ran up to Grimaldi, tore open his cloaths, that he might have freer room to breathe, and used every means he could think of to recal him to life, but all in vain, he was dead. Fazio examined the body, and perceived that Grimaldi had a stab in the breast; the wound had closed of itself, so that the blood could not flow out, and he died by suffocation.

Fazio, at this accident, found himself in the greatest distress. The whole neighbourhood was asleep, or had shut up their houses on account of the bad weather. He was quite alone in the house, as his wife and two children were gone to visit his dying father.

All at once a bold thought came into his head, which under these circumstances seemed easily practicable. He was certain that no one had seen Grimaldi come into his shop. In such continued rain and thunder there was no temptation for people to be gazing at their windows. Besides, by denouncing Grimaldi's death, Fazio himself might be brought into suspicion. After weighing maturely the whole of the affair, he shut up his shop, determined to turn the adventure to his own advantage; and, in conformity with his passion for transmutation, to make an experiment whether he could not transmute misfortune into fortune, as he had been trying to turn his lead into silver or gold.

Fazio knew of Grimaldi's wealth, or had always suspected him to be rich. He began by searching his pockets, and found, together with some coin, a large bunch of keys. Good! thought he to himself, this is a mark of heaven; the finger of Providence is manifest in it! That such a terrible storm should come on this night, that my shop should be standing open, that Grimaldi should be wounded, and die in my chair; all this could not happen without a particular dispensation from above. He has no relation, and perhaps, even no friend: one stranger is as good as another stranger, and Fazio as good as another heir. I have even one right more. Had it not been for me, he would have died in the street, and have lain in the wet all night; who knows whether he did not come into my shop in order to constitute me his

heir. His visit supplies the place of a formal testament. I will quietly take the executorship upon me; that will be the wisest and the safest way. For, should I go and relate the whole event to the magistracy, I should not be believed. Grimaldi's body is in my house, and every man would account me his murderer; it would cost me a great deal of trouble to prove my innocence; whereas, if I bury him privately, there will be nobody to blab, as nobody will have seen it. And truly between the scaffold and a full coffer it is not very difficult to choose. Eureka! I have found what I have been so long hunting after—I have found the philosopher's stone without the help of my cursed crucibles, and my smoky heintzel!*

Armed with a dark lantern, he set out on his way. The rain fell in torrents from the clouds, the thunder rolled in dreadful peals, but he neither felt nor heard any thing of it. His mind was full of Grimaldi's hoards. He tried the keys, unlocked the doors, opened the sitting room; it was not large, but well secured. It had incomparably more locks than doors. We may easily imagine what he first looked about for. Against the iron chest he directed the whole battery of his bunch of keys, and he almost despaired of carrying the seige, as it alone had four or five different locks on the outside, not to mention those within: at length, however, he took the fort—in it he found a casket full of gold rings, bracelets, jewels, and other valuables, and with it four bags, on each of which he read with transport the words—Three thousand ducats in gold. He trusted implicitly to the epigraph, taking it for granted that all was rightly told. Quivering with joy, he seized upon the bags and left the jewels behind, as there was a chance that they might betray him. Being a great friend to order, he carefully replaced every thing in its former state, shut again every lock, and happily came back to his house with the precious burden, without being met or seen by any one. His first care was to put his four bags in a place of security; his second, to take measures for the interment of the deceased. He lifted him, easily as a feather; for the bare touch of the bags of gold, by its native energy, had imparted to him a strength which astonished himself. He carried Grimaldi into his cellar, dug a deep grave, and tumbled him in, with all his keys and cloaths. This done, he filled up the grave with so much caution that it was impossible to discover that the earth had been opened.

* The name of a chemical furnace.

Having finished his work he hastened to his room, untied his bags, and began, not so much to count as to feed his sight with the gold. He found that all was exactly right, not a single piece was wanting; but he was dazzled and giddy at the sight of so much money. First he counted it, then he weighed it; his extacy increasing every moment. He deposited the whole heap in a private closet, burnt the bags, and did not quit them with his eyes till the last atom was consumed, when he threw the ashes into the air, afraid lest even these might betray him. At last he retired to rest; for labour and joy had conspired to fatigue him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

"J'aime autant une personne qui me relève d'une erreur, qu'une autre qui m'apprend une vérité, parce qu'en effet une erreur corrigée est une vérité." BUFFON.

I love as much one who apprises of an error, as another who learns me truth, because in fact a corrected error is truth.

MR. HOGAN,

IT was a remark, I think, of Doctor Johnston, that when once an author has awakened the vigilant eye of Criticism, he may suppose he has arrived to some degree of eminence in the literary world.

That my "Ode to Memory," should have excited as critical an examination by any one, as was bestowed on it by Amicus, was more than I had reason to expect, or its merits deserved; but still it is requisite to obviate some of the errors imputed to me, which I am entirely innocent of: and as far as my judgment concurs with his animadversions, I am willing to rectify. Faults it has, and those that are rendered conspicuous will receive ample acknowledgment.

The province of a critic is to discover latent beauties and defects, and to point out where emendations can be made with success; hence, he that writes may be considered as inviting attacks, since he comes forward with his productions and exposes them to the judgment of the public, who will not fail to condemn or applaud.

A writer ought to have, in a great measure, some confidence in his own ability, and not too slavishly conform to the advice of every one who would attempt the task of criticism; for what might be thought perspicuous by one, might be thought obscure by another, and the various parts of

composition may be modelled many different ways, still producing the same effect.

In that species of composition where imagination predominates, liberties are often taken to give a tinsel ornament to ideas, which in more sedate and formal pieces, or a narration of facts, would be inexcusable. These the critic frequently takes up and dissects in an unfeeling invidious manner, and places them in such a point of view as often to appear absurd and ridiculous. When the lamp of reason is held out, it is the duty of every one to be guided by its rays; and as perfection cannot be reached, to endeavour so to profit by advice as to adhere to the side of truth.

To commence with Amicus' remarks on,

"Wak'd by her touch, those faculties of man."

As imagination, memory and reason, are the faculties of the mind, I had supposed the passions to be faculties of the soul; whether they will be admitted such, I cannot say: if not, to make sense the line must read thus:

"Wak'd by her touch, the faculties of man."

The remark is very just on "reflects," it escaped the author's notice. The third verse, from line fifth to the conclusion, ought to have been marked with inverted commas, to distinguish Mungo's soliloquy, but was through inattention neglected. The period at "isle," is proper; the author supposed the Negro to pause, overwhelm with grief: then suddenly recollecting himself, to receive a faint glimmering of consolation at the idea of soon being freed from the shackles of tyranny, by death, and once more embracing his friends on the happy shores of Gambia.

The fourth verse, lines seventh and eighth:

"He thither hies at silent eve,
The world and all its follies leave!"

I think the laws of poetry gave me sufficient licence to make.

In the fifth verse, the "s" at "bid" is supernumerary. In the address of Urania, Amicus appears to have discovered a Theological error, though I cannot agree with him in that point. St. Paul says, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." It may be well worth while to enquire what is Hope? Hope is a sentiment of pleasure arising in the human breast, excited by the idea of enjoying future happiness. In the cup of humanity, Hope is one of the principal ingredients; 'tis she recruits our spirits when languid, and raises our wandering thoughts to the shores of immortality—but no further. Faith we are informed will procure us admittance

to the regions of bliss! "By Faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness, that he was righteous." When we obtain the fulness of our Hopes, is it not by Faith that fruition comes? surely then, in or by Faith, Hope is swallowed up, as Hope ceases to exist when the soul is satisfied with unbounded possessions.

Again: the period after "cup," as has been remarked, was a error of the press; "wilt" is more proper than "will."

The greatest of writers are not without their incongruities, for by incessant cogitation, the mind frequently gets supine and inactive, and glances over errors, which the perspicacity of an impartial observer, would soon discover as palpable. The Criticisms of Amicus are written with a degree of candour which I admire, and which I invite, if an occasion should offer, in future. He who will think it worth while to enlighten my mind by inculcating virtue, or to give a gentle rebuke when in error; I shall look upon as conferring kindnesses, which the treasury of gratitude will never be able to repay. If Amicus, Mr. Hogan, knew the * author of the "Ode to Memory," he would, no doubt, impute his peccadillos to the right cause: in future he hopes by strict attention, to be deserving of the meed of praise. EUGENIO.

* He is just entered his twenty first year.

The following passage extracted from a "Tour to North and South Wales," reminds us of the impatience of Smollett, in his description of the culinary entertainment which he generally served up to his readers in his travels through France.

"AT Llannon, much dirt and little provision is to be had: the cook on our arrival here was in the suds, and, with unwiped hands, reached down a fragment of mutton for our repast: a piece of ham was lost, but after a long search found amongst the worsted stockings and sheets on the board: a little child was sprawling in a dripping pan, which seemed recently taken from the fire: the fat in this was destined to fry our eggs in. Hunger itself was blunted, and we hastened to Swansea, leaving our delicacies nearly untouched. I devoted my attention to a brown loaf, but on cutting into it, was surprised to find a ball of carrotty coloured wool; and to what animal it had belonged, I was at a loss to determine. Our table cloth had served the family for at least a month, and our sitting-room was every where decorated with the elegant relics of a last night's smoking society, as yet unremoved."

[Far. Mus.]

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

I observe in your last Repository an attack upon Pythagoricus, under the signature of "Truth;" and confess that I scarcely know what to make of it, because at one time the writer appears to be serious, and at another in burlesque. As, therefore, Pythagoricus may think it beneath his notice, and not answer it; and as the subject is, more or less, interesting to us all, I beg leave to offer a few comments on the piece. In doing this, I will suppose "Truth," serious and candid: of course, I will endeavour to meet him upon equal grounds of seriousness and candor.

The leading points, which "Truth," seems anxious to impress upon the minds of the community are—

I. That the essays of Pythagoricus on Sacred Music are *unnecessary*—and this he thinks he proves by alleging that

1. The Music in the several churches is *good enough*;

2. The respective congregations are *well enough satisfied* with it; and that

3. The Clergy appear to be *not dissatisfied*.

II. That the Essays of Pythagoricus on sacred music are *useless*; and the reasons he gives are—that

1. People can *learn, teach and sing*, without any *systems or rules* at all;

2. We should rather copy the *artless* music of nature, the music of the "feathered tribe," as the most unerring and pleasing; and that

3. Though "P. write and preach himself to death, he will never be able to alter us one jot or tittle either in learning, teaching or singing."

Let us see whether one word or two upon these points will not only disprove "Truth's" allegations, but also prove that they have no foundation at all in truth.

To answer the 1st and 2d point of the first general head—viz. that the present church-music is good enough, and that the congregations are well enough satisfied with it; one single argument is sufficient—and that is, If this were true, there would be no singing-schools for learning and improving in the art; whereas, if we only consult that experience to which "Truth" directs us, we shall find that there is a considerable number, and that they are all attended by persons of different denominations of Christians: And with regard to the 3d point—viz. that the clergy appear not to be dissatisfied—I reply, that it is also as unfounded in truth; for, whatever

may have prevented some of those gentlemen from "coming forward to improve their music," (as "Truth," calls it) I have it from respectable authority, that several have privately, and I do myself know some, who in their congregations have generously and publicly inculcated an attention to that art, which when performed with devotion and harmony forms a most delightful and happy part of Divine Worship.

With regard to the first and second points of the second general head—which amount to this, that nature is an unerring teacher, and that people can learn to sing and teach better without rules than with.... If they merit any serious attention, they may be refuted by an answer as short as the preceding. The sum total is this, that "Truth," and his adherents must have the knowledge and principles of Sacred Music implanted by nature or imparted by inspiration, and not imprinted by rules; for surely there can be no other substantial reason for the rejection of all rules and systems. Now, if "Truth" will only adduce me one solitary character of the kind in the present day, I shall be silent for ever. But "Truth," will find this enlarged upon in the conclusion. With regard to the 3d and last point—viz.—that P. will never be able to alter T. and his party one jot or tittle, either in learning, teaching or singing—I am indeed apprehensive that friend T. has the advantage of me. We all know that there are none so deaf as those who will not hear—none so dumb as those who will not learn—and none so likely to be wrong as those who are certain that they themselves, and they only, are right. Is this reason, or prejudice?

PHILO.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

UNFORTUNATE GALLANT.

A YOUNG gentleman, who had been left heir to a considerable estate, took it into his head that it was necessary, in order to cut a figure upon the town, to act as a man of pleasure and gallantry. He accordingly determined to write an amorous epistle, in the best style, to the wife of a reputable tradesman, at whose house he had for some time been a visitor, and where he had been treated with the greatest politeness and friendship. A messenger was dispatched with a letter, which concluded with a faithful promise to wait upon the lady at 7 o'clock next evening, an hour at which he knew her husband would be absent.

The lady, whose person and mind were

equally amiable, upon the receipt of this letter, immediately gave it to her husband; when after enjoying a hearty laugh at the contents, it was agreed between them that the amorous gentleman should be rewarded according to his merits. At the appointed hour he came, and commenced his amorous suit in a theatrical manner, with much grace and spirit. He was, however, soon interrupted, by hearing of the husband's unexpected arrival. The lady, in an affected fright, entreated him, if he felt for the reputation of a woman who loved him, instantly to jump out of the window. He immediately took a leap, and fell into a large cistern of water prepared for his reception. His passion being sufficiently cooled, he was permitted to depart, but not without a very severe horse-whipping by one of the tradesman's porters, and a promise of receiving the same discipline whenever he came there again.

CHINESE ANECDOTE.

HAMATI, reputed one of the wisest and best of the Chinese Emperors, after having gained great advantage over the Tartars, who invaded his dominions, returned to the great city of Nankin, in order to enjoy the happiness of his success. After he had rested some days, the people who were naturally fond of pageantry and shew, expected the triumphal entry, which Emperors upon such occasions are accustomed to make. Their murmurs came to the Emperor's ears. He loved his people and was willing to do all in his power to satisfy their just desires. He therefore assured them, that he intended upon the next public festival, to exhibit one of the most glorious triumphs that had ever been seen in China. The people rejoiced at his condescension, and on the day assembled at the gates of the palace with the most eager expectation: here they waited for some time, without seeing any of those preparations which usually precede a pageantry. The lantern with the thousand tapers was not yet brought forth, and the fire-works which usually covered the city walls, were not yet lighted. The people once more began to murmur at his delay, when in the midst of their impatience, the palace gates flew open, and the Emperor appeared, not in splendor and magnificence, but in an ordinary habit, followed by the blind, the maimed, and the strangers of the city, all in new cloaths, and each carrying in his hand money enough to supply his necessities for a year. The

people were at first amazed, but soon perceived the wisdom of their king, who taught them, that "to promote virtue, and make men happy, was the summit of glory."

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

AN ENIGMA.

IN vain do mortals seek to hold
Me, as their greatest good;
For tho' by all I'm often seen,
By few I'm understood.

I'm not a dream, I'm not a shade,
But solid, real, true;
No phantom of a sickly brain,
Which paints strange things to view.

Men seek me with the utmost care,
But few can find me out;
For I'm a foe to pain and care,
Anxiety and doubt.

I never care with whom I dwell,
But still I dwell with few;
For many try to find my cell,
But the wrong path pursue.

Tho' an inhabitant of earth,
I've been since earth has been;
The highest heaven gave me birth,
And there I still remain.
With the angelic host I dwell,
Around the eternal throne,
And tho' men think they ken me well,
'Tis but to few I'm known.

Monarchs to tempt me to their courts,
Their wealth and pow'r display,
But I despise their sordid arts;
While far from them I stay.

More worth to man than all the world,
And all it can bestow;
When with mankind I fix my place,
To them 'tis heav'n below.

Long as the universe endures,
My days shall never end,
Throughout a long eternity,
My being shall extend.

Tho' earth should quake, and kingdoms fall,
And suns and stars should fail,
Tho' flames consume the earth and skies,
I'll still survive them all.

CARLOS.

CURIOUS DUEL.

A dispute lately took place in Paris between a military man and an apothecary. The soldier insisted upon satisfaction from his adversary, and appointed a meeting next morning in the Bois de Boulogne. The next morning the apothecary waited upon his antagonist before the hour appointed, and said to him with great coolness, "You are a military, I am a medical man—you understand the use of the sword and pistol—I am only acquainted with drugs. You are the challenger, therefore I have a right to chuse my weapon. Here are two pills—one is poisoned, the other is not. Do you chuse one and swallow it, and I will swallow the other." The officer laughed very heartily at this proposition, and they sat down to breakfast very good friends.

PHILADELPHIA,

MAY 1, 1802.

ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMAS

IN PAGE III.

4.
Ew—er's a wash-bason, we know;
An orbicular line is a r—ING,
Omit whose first letter, and lo!
The charming Miss EWING they'll bring.

5.
A native of the Netherlands must be
A FLEMING: hence we fair Miss FLEMING see;
Whose beauteous features and whose finish'd form,
With love each fond beholder's bosom warm.

6.
CATH—edral, a large church, mankind define;
ARI—es, of the zodiac is a sign;
NE—ap, a low tide, if rightly I opine:
COOK, 'mong the navy-officers we tell,
As the most useful, indispensable:
Here, view Miss CATHARINE COOK, in whom combine
Grace, beauty, love and symmetry divine.

7.
CRANS—ac is a town in Guienne that is fam'd,
For waters sulphureous, and coal-pits so nam'd;
TON is a large measure, all cipherers agree:
Hence the beauteous, the charming Miss CRANSTON
we see.
Here, indeed, are united the graces and loves,
In blissful assemblage, like Venus's doves;
Whose praises for ever deserve to be sung,
The joy of the old, and the pride of the young.

8.
The initials this Enigma claims, are these:
L—ove, whose best definition is, to please;
A—bomination, to be horrid scowl;
S—orrow, to rend the deep-afflicted soul;
H—appiness, to excite in us a heav'n;
E—ase, to enjoy the blessings to us giv'n;
R—emorse, to feel the stings of conscience keen;—
In these initials is Miss LASHER seen.
Whose charms of person are proportion's draught;
Whose charms of mind are, a fair mind of thought;
And whose kind heart are love and virtue's throne,
While all the female graces are her own.

9.
HOWE, is a noted general's surname,
High plac'd in records of immortal fame;
L—ily's a flow'r most delicate and fair,
The beauteous empress of the bright parterre;
And, if you its first letter double right,
A living queen more beauteous meets our sight:
Miss HOWELL's self, fair Venus' form divine,
In whom all lovely charms and sweetness shine.

10.
HAN—bakkuk is a Christian prophet's name;
Ec—stasy is the fair's inspiring flame;
KER—sey, a fashionable cloth is known;
And, hence, Miss HANCKER is fairly shewn.
She, whose young charms unfolding like the spring,
Admirers gain, and make the poet sing,
While all around their graces they display,
Lovely and sweet as ever-blooming May.

CEPIDUS.

Marriages.

MARRIED...In this City...On the 15th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Green, Mr. William Mendenhall, of Milesborough, Centre County, to Miss Eliza Kierner, of Chester County....On the 22d, by the Rev. Mr. Linn, Mr. Robert Ritchie, merchant, of this city, to Miss Mary Kelly, of New-Jersey....On the 24th, by the Rev. Mr. Linn, Mr. Thomas Humphreys, merchant, to Miss Eliza Irwine....Same day, by the Rev. Mr. Ustick, Mr. Joseph Sutton, to Miss Hannah Ritter Tomlin.

Deaths.

DIED...In this City....On the 26th ult. of a sudden illness, Mr. John Stille, sen. an old and respectable inhabitant.... Same day, Capt. Philip Kollock, Aet. 54On the 28th ult. Col. William Coats, Esq. of the Northern Liberties...Same day, very suddenly, in the Pennsylvania Hospital, in a fit, Archibald Campbell, of Hackensack, in N. Jersey—A few minutes before his death he was walking about the house.

—At Washington, on the 17th ult. Joshua Johnson, esq. late commissioner of Stamps, and formerly American Consul at London.

—Suddenly, at his farm near Dover, (Del.) on the 18th, James M'Clyment, esq. Aet. 47.

—At Trenton, on the 27th, Richard Howel, esq. late governor of New-Jersey.

—In Ireland, the Rev. William Knox, aged 69, 45 years a preacher of the Gospel in the parish of Dunboe; and 32 years clerk of the Presbytery of Rook.

—At Frankford, on the 25th, after a lingering illness, which he sustained with uncommon fortitude, Dr. ENOCH EDWARDS, in the 51st year of his age.

Dr. Edwards joined the American Army at the commencement of the revolution, and was appointed aide-de camp to Lord Sterling. His professional exertions as a physician were also very useful, until ill health compelled him to quit the service. He was a distinguished member of the Convention, which framed our present state Constitution, and he afterwards held with reputation the office of a judge of the Court of Common Pleas.

—On the 26th inst. Mr. JOSEPH S. MOORE, only son of Mr. THOMAS L. MOORE, of this city.

His promising young man was carried off in the prime of life, having not yet reached his eighteenth year. His death was as sudden as it was early—No longer ago than Thursday last he was in perfect health; but on Friday he was attacked by a violent fever, during the continuance of which, he supported himself with a Christian's fortitude, retaining his senses perfectly; until at the expiration of a little better than two days, he resigned himself into the hands of his Redeemer.

He was a young man of brilliant talents—an affectionate disposition—and for purity of morals he had but few equals. By these good qualities he was endeared to all those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and who consequently must severely feel the loss of so valuable a companion.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ODE TO SPRING.

*"Ver novum, ver jam canorum: vere natus orbis est,
Pere concordant amores, vere nubent alites,
Et nemus comam resolvit de maritis imbribus."*
CATULLUS.

ONCE more my artless reed resum'd,
That late to MEMORY was tun'd,
And call'd youth's pleasures into play;
Fresh scenes salute my raptur'd view,
Enrob'd in garb of motley hue,
And claim the honour'd tribute of a lay.
* Goddess divine! O listen to my song,
Thou who erst touch'd thy tuneful harp of gold;
And reigning fair amid the heav'nly throng,
While floods of harmony around thee roll'd:
Wilt thou not lend a patient, list'ning ear,
Whilst I pourtray the charms of this delightful year?

O yes! thy radiant pow'r I own,
Has fill'd my breast with joys unknown,
And rais'd my soul to ecstasy:
On vent'rous wing I fain would soar,
(A flight I never tri'd before)
Attir'd in garb of white-rob'd harmony.
Come Inspiration! from thy heavenly height,
With light-heel'd Fancy tripping in thy train,
Pour in my soul a living beam of light,—
A vivid beam from thy ne'er dying flame;
Such as thou pour'd'st into the guileless breast,
Of him,* inspired bard! who e'er hail'd thee as his guest.

See! from that gold-fring'd cloud descends,
(Her lovely form she lowly bends)
Gay Flora, dress'd in rich attire:
Around her move in airy dance,
The lovesome Graces, who advance,
Chanting in concert with the sweet-ton'd lyre.
She lights! she lights upon our happy plains,
Involv'd in fragrance and nectareous dew;
To cheer the pensive bosoms of the swains,
And banish winter and his icy crew.
See, influence'd by her renovating ray,
The embryo plants arise from darkness into day.

Whilst dewy clouds salute their birth,
And trail along the teeming earth,
Mantling with hoar their foliage green:
The germs protruded into life,
Burst their weak bands with genial strife,
And verdant woods and blooming flow'rs are seen.
Behold! she waves her all-creating wand,
Rank insects, reptiles, rouse from torpid sleep;
The feather'd choir obsequious at command,
Poise in the air, or skim the foaming deep.
E'en man himself, awaken'd by her horn,
Blinks at the call, and hails the ambrosial morn.

The garden's first-born child, array'd
In meekness, comes the pale-rob'd maid,

* Erato.

† Thomson.

The Snow-drop, first to grace the vale;
Luxuriant next the Crocus comes,
Borne on her yellow shining plumes;
And Daffodil spreads lustre round the dale.
Sweet Hyacinth, ah! who can paint thee fair,
Fair as thou art, and render homage due?
The muse can only say, thou fill'st the air
With vernal fragrance, and delight'st the view:
Arising with the rosy-feather'd morn,
On gentle zephyr's wings the Violet's breath is borne.

The Pansey of a motly hue,
The Iris of an azure blue,
The Cowslip and the neat Primrose;
The Tulip and the Daisy pale,
The meek-ey'd Lily of the vale,
And pride of ev'ry fair, the blushing Rose—
She, while the hallow'd due descends at eve,
Opens her rich zone and courts the lucid show'r;
And when the shades of night their station leave,
Ambrosia-gales breathe round the verdant bow'r:
Salubrious breezes rising on the wing,
In murmurs softly roll,—the harbingers of Spring.

Soon as Aurora gilds the skies,
Th' industrious Bees with joy arise,
To suck the flow'rs of various dye;
The feather'd songsters of the grove,
Warble their varied notes to love,
"The mazy-running soul of melody."
Now the blithe Farmer urges straight his toil;
To turn the glebe his powerful force he bends;
And with prolific seed he sows the soil,
Whilst renovating Sol his influence lends.
The task is done!—to heav'n he lifts his eyes,
And what his heart requests, all bounteous heav'n sup-
plies.

The buxom Milk-maid o'er her pail,
Now chaunts a ditty in the vale,
Echo repeats the charming strain;
Colin inhales th' enchanting song,
Mellifluous as it flows along,
And bounds to meet his fair across the plain.
In green luxuriant meadows, see the Sheep,
Cropping the tender grass, and bleating joy;
The frisking Lambs around their mothers leap—
No heat disturbs them, and no flies annoy.
Beasts, birds, and insects, hail Spring's joyful reign,
Each finds relief from want, each finds relief from pain.

Ye who the gloom of sickness wear,
Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with care,
Know, Spring the wand of * Abdiel sways:
His mystic charm resolve to try,
Embrace the moments ere they fly—
Perhaps your drooping spirits it may raise.
And all ye votaries of fashion vain,
Who sport about the disk of folly's shrine;
Your obscene mirth, your thinsel'd pomp restrain,
And rouse up reason,—oft times too supine:
Leave clam'rous orgies and dissembled joy,
Come cull gay Flora's sweets—her pleasures ne'er will
cloy.

Nay! Flora's sweets are not for you,
Ye low, inert, inglorious crew,

* According to Heathen Mythology, the wand of Abdiel has the power of gratifying every wish, and obviating every fear.

Inebriate in fortune's ray;

Quaff the rank poison of your bowls,
In sensual pleasure drown your souls—
Involve with murky clouds life's little day.
When first harmonious Nature gently rose,
Fair from the hand of Nature's bounteous God,
No mischief-brooding, false, malicious foes,
Sway'd o'er the earth an iron scourging rod;
But dove-ey'd Innocence in Eden's vales,
Mingled her plaintive notes with vernal zephyr-gales.

The lively Cock proclaims the morn,
In shrill-ton'd notes he winds his horn,
Whilst all the woods responsive ring.
Come Delia! haste, my love appear
To celebrate the youthful year;
Thy grateful offerings with speed here bring.
What honour'd sacrifice to heav'n so meet,
As hearts of gratitude for blessings giv'n?
Such incense only to our God is sweet;
Such claims alone the choicest meed of heav'n.

Ye village swains in choirs advance,
Your breathing instruments prepare;
Join in the festive, mazy dance,
For pleasure is an antidote to care.
Strike up your song in matchless strains,
For see! Aurora glimmers o'er the plains.

A I R.

Goddess of the fragrant year,
Dove-like Flora haste, appear
On thy many-colour'd wing;
Bring thy genial breezes bland,
Breathe mild zephyrs o'er the land,
Sweetest treasures hither bring.
Goddess of the fragrant year,
Dove-like Flora haste, appear.

All thy choicest stores display,
Gild with joy life's darksome day,
Goddess of the heavenly mein;
Cause pure love in man to reign—
Virtue! may she bless our plain,
And naught but happiness be seen.
All thy choicest stores display,
Gild with joy life's darksome day.

* * * * *

MUSIC has wond'rous pow'r to move
The yielding heart to gentle love,
And kindly languid spirits raise:
Music inspires the soul to fly
On wings of immortality,
And fits the heart for adoration...praise.

EUGENIO.

EPIGRAM.

TWO masters no man e'er could please,
In sacred writ is told;
I fear it meant two mistresses;
If so, the rule will hold:
Whole two! nay, where's the man can say,
He pleas'd one mistress half-a-day?

Subscriptions for this Paper received at the Office,
No. 51, South Third-Street, price 6½ cents each num-
ber, payable every four weeks; or three dollars a year
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